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WOMAN IN EMPIRE COSTUME
By Pierre-August Renoir



LA DÉBÂCLE DES GLACES, 1881
By Claude Monet

(BREAKING UP OF THE ICE)

The Master Impressionists

[Chapter V]

By CHARLES LOUIS BORGMEYER

IT was not until 1886 or 1887 that the critics began to change their tone in regard to the Impressionists. There was still opposition, and there still is opposition, but the definite victory cannot be doubted if one concedes that their teachings consisted more in tendencies and efforts than in actual achievements. The saying is that they have led many artists to think more about sunlight and less about finish. The change that Zola speaks of as having taken place between the Paris Salon of 1883 and of twenty years before, has continued and the Salon of today as compared with the Salon of thirty years ago is like a bright May morning compared with a dark November day.

It is just here that the Impressionists have scored. Contemporary painters have

not disdained to profit by all that was useful in their teachings, which would seem to show that in art the extravagant is instructive, while the timid is not. Ordinarily if you go beyond the formalities of your surroundings, you lose cast, while it would seem that in art you gain rather than lose, if you succeed in making a strong point.

Their achievements seem an unimportant change in the methods of painting, but in reality they created an entire change in the method of seeing things. They gave the love of open air, the love of the truth and beauty of nature, freed from conventionalities, and they opened up new qualities of atmosphere, but always they are beginnings, not completed doctrines, where nothing can be added.



SNOW EFFECT, VETHEUIL, 1881
By Claude Monet

—Courtesy Dublin Municipal Gallery of Fine Arts, Dublin, Ireland

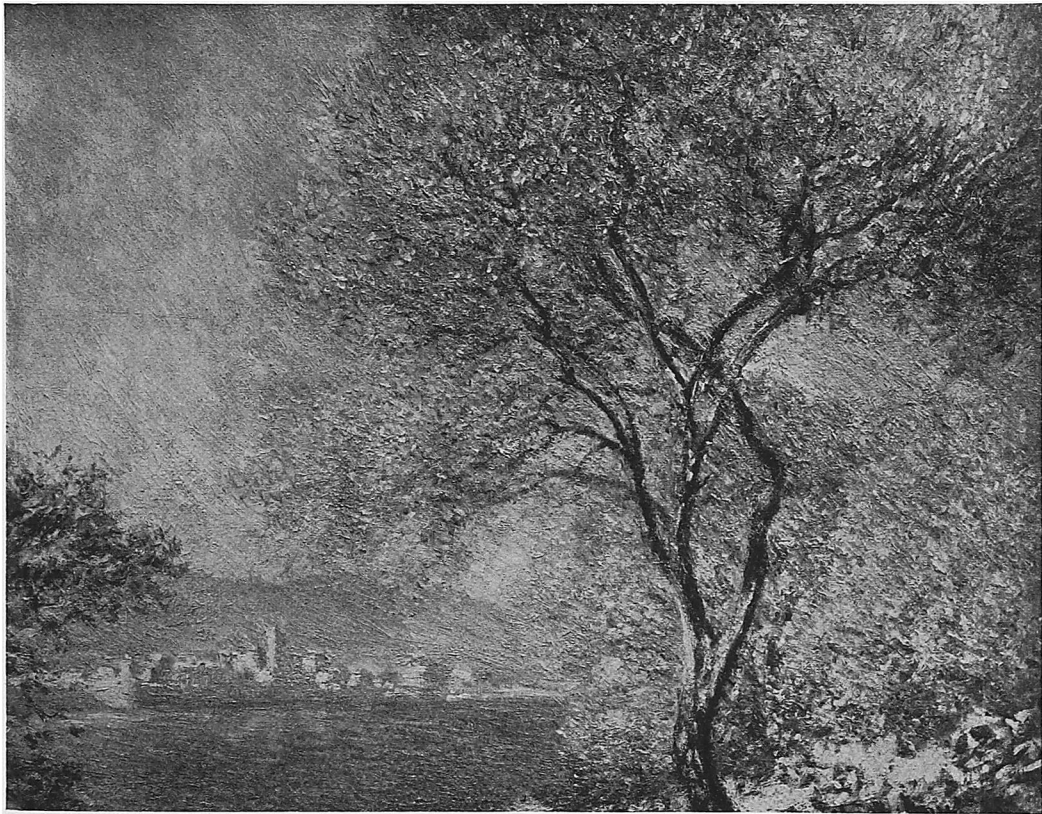
Naturally Claude Monet took a leading part from the first in the exhibitions that the Impressionists held. His picture, *Impression: soleil levant*, gave to the Impressionists their name. It was he who painted out-of-door scenes most daringly of all. If the word Impressionist is used in the way it is now generally used, that is, to express "the rapid noting of illusive appearance," then Claude Monet is its supreme exponent. He was and is still one of the greatest lovers of light that ever lived. He has painted out-of-doors since his boyhood, when he haunted the wharves of Havre and Honfleur with Boudin and Jongkind, and he painted in the sunlight of Africa while doing his military service. So he was ripe for the *plein air* movement and became its extremist advocate. So constant was his practice of painting out of doors

that Manet painted him in an open boat on the river and laughingly called it *Claude Monet in his Studio*. There are some wonderfully beautiful things of his painted at Argenteuil of this time. *Le Pont d'Argenteuil* is one of the most reposeful pictures of modern art. Soon after this came a period rich in works where his passionate desire to paint light swept all before it, and from then on he "specialized" on light, regulating all solids to the second plane in his dialogue between the sky, the earth and the trees, the elements that compose the universe. He takes some one thing from nature and makes it a pretext on which to paint his studies of light. The interest in his work is not in the composition of the landscape itself, but in his efforts to paint light.

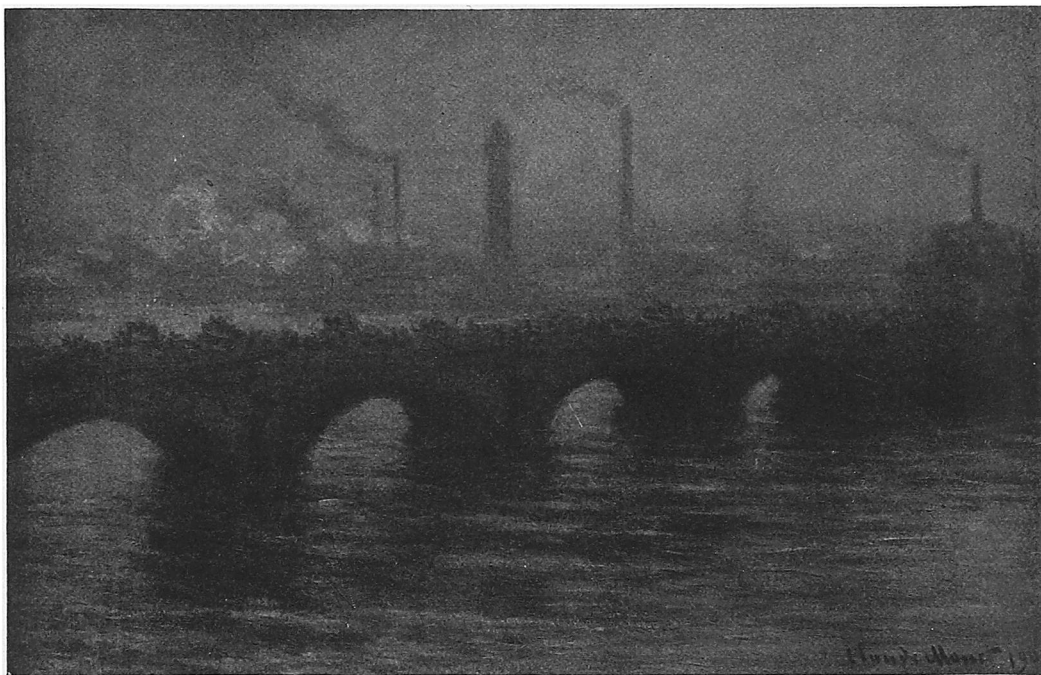
Claude Monet shared the years of dis-

tress and misery that the Impressionists went through. It was only with the greatest difficulty that he was able to sell enough pictures at \$20 apiece to keep himself from absolute want. In order to show the contempt that was felt for his works, Duret tells of an experience he had. It seems that in 1873 Daubigny paid \$100 for Claude Monet's *Canal à Saardam*, not to Monet, however. This was before the slump in prices caused by the exhibitions of 1874, 1876 and 1877. At Daubigny's death, in 1878, a sale took place and Duret says: "The *Canal à Saardam* appeared to me to be one of the finest things that Claude Monet had done, and I determined to bid for it. The sale was held but there was no trace of the picture. I supposed that Daubigny's heirs, appreciating its worth, did not wish

to part with it. Happening to visit the Hôtel Drouot a fortnight later, I came across a roomful of unfinished sketches, old canvases, some of them barely rubbed with color, others covered with dirt, together with a pile of easels, palettes, brushes, lying on the floor and there all by itself was the *Canal à Saardam*. I made inquiries, and found that I had stumbled across the scourings of Daubigny's studio, which were to be sold anonymously as things of which the ownership might better be concealed as Daubigny's heirs thought they would disgrace the official sale of his effects. I bought it for \$16. After several changes of hands, the last owner, M. Decap, withdrew it from a sale when it reached about \$6,000, not being satisfied to let it go at that price!"



AT ANTIBES
By Claude Monet



WATERLOO BRIDGE, LONDON, 1900 —Courtesy Dublin Municipal Gallery of Fine Arts, Dublin, Ireland
By Claude Monet

Many of Claude Monet's best known pictures were painted after the Impressionist Exhibitions ceased. The Boston Museum of Fine Arts has hanging in its galleries a wonderful series of his pictures dating from as early as 1875 to his *Pond Lily* series of a few years ago. There are many, many Claude Monets in America, and the feeling is that he can do no wrong—a slight change from the feeling of 1874.

Claude Monet is still living, still painting. Later we will see illustrations of some of his more recent works. He, like Degas, refused the Legion of Honor, but will enter the Louvre before his time with the Camondo Collection.

In looking at Pissarro's pictures, such as *Pontoise*, *The Tuilleries Gardens*, and *La Carrousel*, they seem almost academic in their drawing when compared with the methods of the Impressionists. Pissarro was slow to take the new ideas. He was forty years of age before he fully entered

Impressionism, and then he too decomposed his tone in order to reinforce it, and advanced day by day in light and brightness, but he stayed on the safe side, never going to extravagant lengths. He had a tendency to see blue everywhere. This blue of his is special to him. You see it in the petticoats of the peasants, in the blouses of his laborers. It is intensified in the shadows, and whitens under the sun, but is kept in accord with the green meadows by the vaporous sun-dust. We have a number of Pissarro's pictures in our museum and private collections. I remember two at Boston. One of *Poplars* and the other of peasants in the field, both quite typical of Pissarro. Pissarro's peasants have a certain homely charm as he pictures them in their characteristic attitudes.

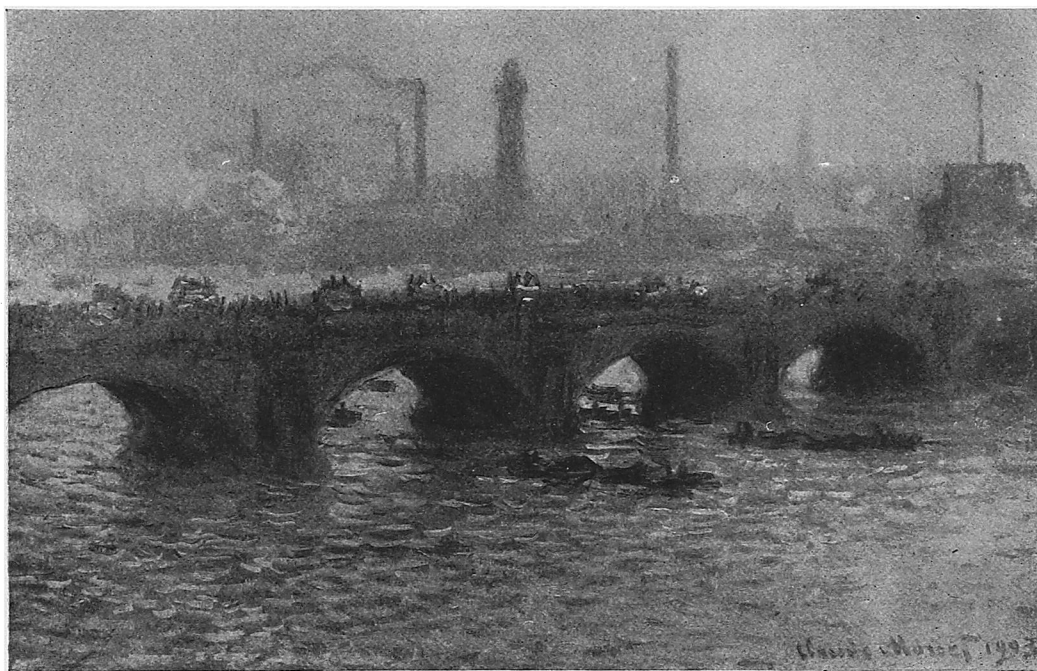
Some of his pictures at this time showed a brilliant range of color that suggest Cézanne's influence. To the people he suggested the none-too-popular Millet.

but to the seeing ones there was no similarity except in his choice of subjects.

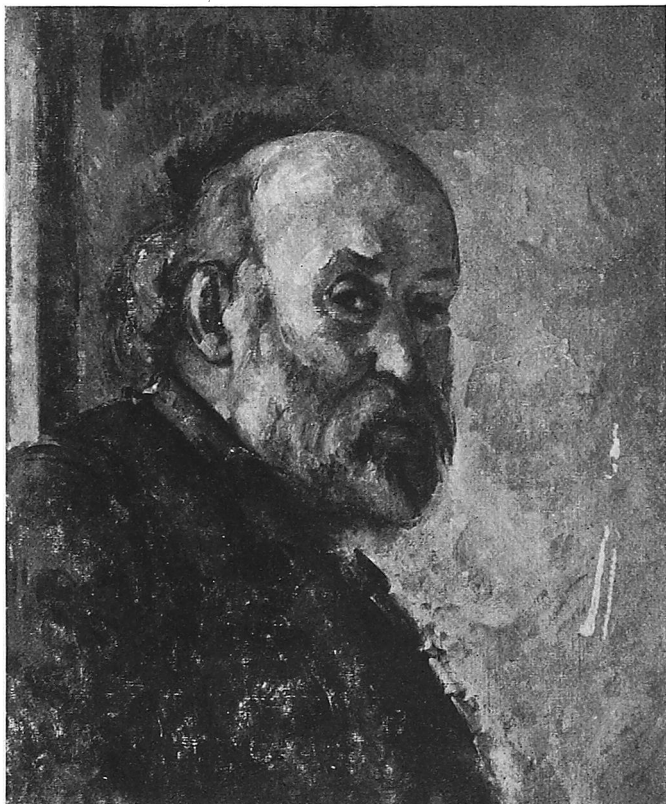
Pissarro lived until 1903. The first years of misery were followed by comparative ease, but he never changed his habits. Pissarro was struck by many germs during his life, those of Pointillism and Divisionism being among them. Later he said his Pointillist pictures were a failure. When Pissarro was sixty-six years old he had some trouble with his eyes that dust increased, but this did not stop him from being a *plein airist*. He sat at his window and painted everything he could see, then went to Rouen, Paris, Havre and Dieppe. Many think that these pictures are the best he ever painted, especially those at Rouen. The truth is, Pissarro was rather overshadowed by his early companions, who spoke with a greater force. At seventy, Pissarro was described as "a splendid old man, with snowy beard, deeply furrowed features, beetling eyebrows and jet black eyes, full of depth and power."

Pissarro's sons are following in his footsteps, one is an engraver, another has made a name for himself under the *nom de brosse* *Manzana*, a third, Lucien, is talked about a good deal today in both Paris and London as a *neo-impressionniste*.

If Pissarro hurt the public by his ordinary subjects, Cézanne nearly killed it with the shocks that his intensity of color and originality of design gave. Cézanne had passed from Delacroix's influence (his *L'Enlèvement* is of that period) to that of Courbet, which lasted longer than Delacroix's, then from Courbet to Manet. It was the color scheme in each that attracted him, and it was as a colorist that he became of capital importance. Although he submitted to different influences, the influences were always much modified by his own strong personality. It was not until he was over thirty years old that he was persuaded by his friends, Pissarro and Vignon, who lived in neighboring villages, to go out of doors with them and paint. Up to that



WATERLOO BRIDGE WITH BOATS CARRYING FREIGHT, 1903
By Claude Monet



SELF PORTRAIT
By Paul Cézanne

—Collection Pellerin

time, 1873, he had always painted in his studio; even his *La neige fondante* was painted indoors. Directly after starting to paint from nature he developed an absolutely personal scheme of color, one of violence, but harmonious even in its violence. It was perhaps he who among the impressionists was most criticised. He was so badly treated, so misunderstood, that he gave up in despair after exhibiting a few times with them, and withdrew from all public exhibitions, with one exception. In 1882 he sent a portrait to the Salon, and for the first and only time was accepted, probably through his friendship with Guillaudin, who was on the jury.

Cézanne painted what he saw, no abstract sentiments, no emotions. A painter by instinct, untrained, faulty as a draftsman.

In a great measure it is due to his peculiar drawing that the reproach of carelessness in one of the first essentials of art was called down upon the whole group. Nevertheless, Cézanne was honest, and his very honesty sometimes makes a greater impression upon us than the finer gifts of many other men.

The quality of the painting in itself, in which Cézanne's superiority lies, is beyond most of us to see. The features that we do see appear to be little less than monstrous. His best work is to be found in his still-life, exact studies of nature, exact sometimes to excess. Often his cups do not stand in their saucers, and his bottles are tipsy; his fruit and dishes are sliding from the table, and suggest the beginning of an earthquake. His attempts have been earnestly made, and we feel that they should

be met in the same spirit. At the same time it must be owned that we feel like agreeing with Puvis de Chavannes when he tells his pupil to "First of all place your scene so that it does not dance, that is the first demand of the eye; after that you can embellish," etc.

Duret, in speaking of Cézanne, says, "The distinctive and isolated nature of Cézanne's art was due, first of all, to the circumstance that he had never received a regular course of training in any of the *ateliers* of the famous painters of the day. Hence his style appeared unusual. Cézanne, by his unique and very pronounced style, gave a violent shock to the public taste. He was before all things a painter; his drawing had none of the rigidity of lines and contours which was to be found in the

works of other artists. His method was peculiar to himself; he applied touches to the canvas first side by side, then one upon the other. In certain cases it may even be said that he plastered his pictures. For those who had eyes to see, the different planes, the contours, the modeling, disengaged themselves from the juxtaposition and superposition of touches of color, but for others they remained confused in a uniform mixture of color. To those who only understand drawing under the form of an arrangement of fixed and precise lines, he did not draw at all.

One quality his pictures have of very high merit; it is the value of the pigment in and for itself, the strength and harmony of the color. Now Cézanne's pictures offer a range of color of great intensity and of ex-

treme luminosity. From this the picture derives a strength independent of the subject, so much so that a still life of a few apples and a napkin on a table assumes a kind of grandeur, in the same degree that a human head or a landscape with sea would."

Cézanne stands forth as a big figure in modern art, judge his art as we may. We are compelled to pause before his grim and resolute interpretation from which all emotion is banished, and are forced to admit his unrelenting strength and directness, although it may not be altogether pleasant to us.

He shows us the backbone and the skeleton of a bit of nature, and while his version of nature is a powerful one, often a cruel, uncompromising statement of bald facts, it



THE GARDEN OF THE LOUVRE
By Camille Pissarro



LA MAISON DU BOUCHER À PONTOISE
By Paul Cézanne

—Collection Jos. Hessel

is too austere to charm. There is no joy or gaiety in it.

Cézanne's offering to Impressionism was neutral color, and it was a great gift. He used the neutral color purple, as a compromise of red and blue. Some Cézanne faddists and there are Cézanne faddists for fair—say he is the founder of the whole school, but after all he represents but a section of the movement, and all fads are exaggerations of a section. By this I mean that the average man or faddist would try to make, for example, a thing appear forcibly under a green, an orange or a purple light, while a genius makes it take its place among the others as a whole, to make a unit. A genius is generally a complete article, while a faddist may be likened to the man who uses one finger instead of the whole hand.

There is no denying that Cézanne's inde-

pendent effort exercised a very notable influence on the Impressionist evolution. His simplification of colors, surprising in a painter who was so in love with reality and analysis as was Cézanne, his luminous shadows, delicately tinted, made a valuable addition to the common fund.

Cézanne was the last to be received by the public with favor, and then his public was made up of artists and connoisseurs who placed him in the front rank. In 1901, Maurice Denis exposed at the Salon a picture called *l'Hommage à Cézanne*. This was painted, of course, with the same object as that of *l'Hommage à Delacroix*, nearly forty years before. One of Cézanne's pictures was on the easel, and gathered admiringly around it are the painters Denis, Redon, Roussel, Serusier, Vuillard,

Bonnard Mellerio and Vollard. These were Cézanne's particular admirers.

The general public still looks on wonderingly at his vogue. Cézanne had the humiliation of being ready to accept the Decoration of the Legion of Honor and not getting it, but he will have his revenge, for he will enter the Louvre with the Camondo Collection.

In Cézanne's estate at Aix was a little park that he went to every afternoon, rain or shine, during the last years of his life. For years he painted the landscape of low mountain and beautiful valley that he could see from this park. He called it his motif. A week before his death he was in the park, painting in the rain, when he had a sudden

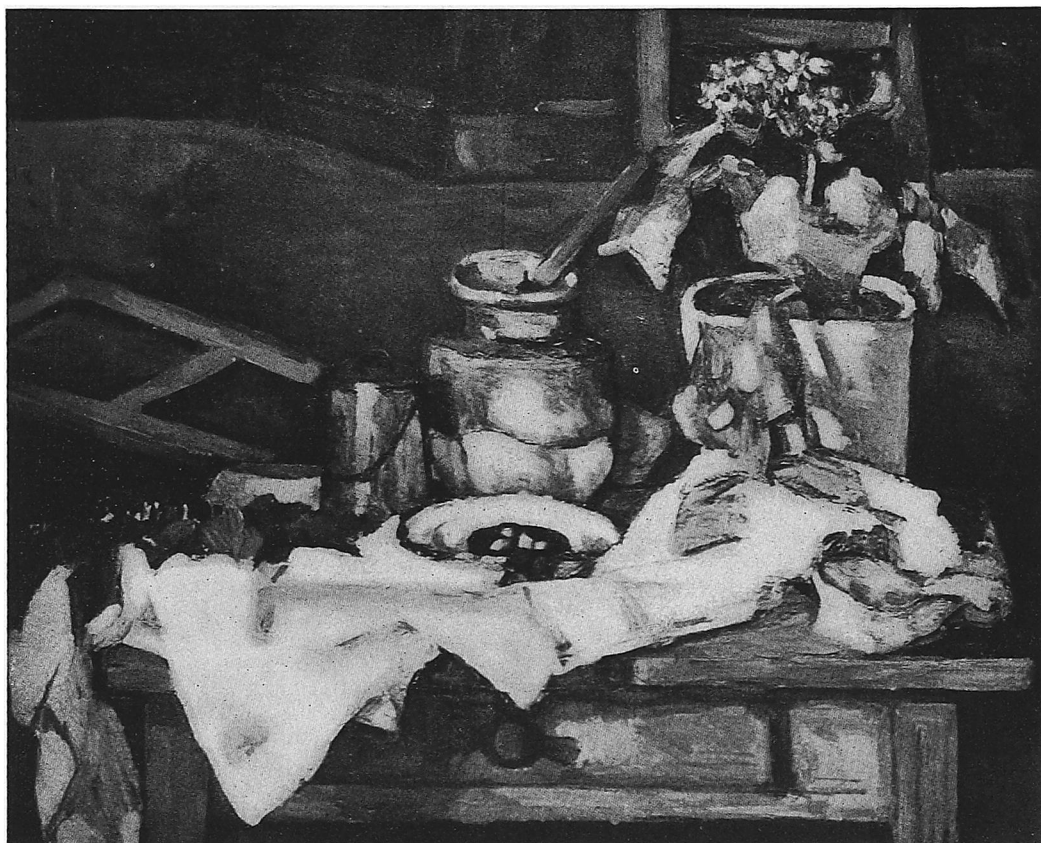
chill, and had to be carried home. Two days after he was back again, putting the finishing touches to a portrait of an old sailor. Again he was taken ill and carried home, this time to be put in bed, but the passion of painting was so strong in this seventy-year-old man that up he would jump and put a touch here and there on a water-color that he kept at the side of his bed. He literally died with a brush in his hand.

In direct contrast to Cézanne's tipsy bottles and saucers are Degas' marvelously drawn figures. Degas by no means chose the easily done point of view. Moore says, in speaking of *l'Absinthe*:

"The ingenuity with which Degas selects



LANDSCAPE
By Paul Cézanne



STILL-LIFE
By Paul Cézanne

his point of view is without parallel in the whole history of art. In his *l'Absinthe* is an excellent example. He has a man and a woman seated in a *café* furnished with marble tables. The first difficulty the artist had to overcome was the symmetry of the lines of the tables. Not only are they ugly but they cut the figures in two. The simplest way out of the difficulty would be to place one figure on one side of the table, the other on the other side, and balance the composition by a waiter seen in the distance. But that was too easy for Degas' wonderful point of view. The man is high up on the right hand corner, the woman in the middle of the picture, the empty space on the left, so characteristic of Degas' compositions, admirably balances the composition, and it

is only relieved by the stone match-box and the newspaper thrown across the opening between the tables. The color, almost a monochrome, is very beautiful. More marvelous work the world never saw, and will never see again."

And this Moore wrote when it would have been a joke to have asked \$500 for a picture by Degas!

Guillaumin took part in many of the Impressionist exhibitions. To the early ones he sent pictures of the quays and outskirts of Paris. He held a little position that kept him in Paris. These pictures of "vulgar" neighborhoods found no admirers among the refined spectators; in fact, they disgusted them. He kept to near-at-home subjects until he was about fifty, when he

won a lottery ticket of \$20,000, which allowed him to give up his position and travel a bit.

He also painted figures and portraits out of doors. One, a pastel that was sold at the Hayashi sale in New York this winter, was a picture of a young girl with a homely, little, interesting face. Just the head and shoulders against a background of green. The curious out-of-door lights play upon her face and unkempt hair. He painted this in 1879, and it is an exceedingly good example of what he sent to the Impressionist exhibitions of that time.

Guillaumin started with rather sober color, but day by day adopted a brighter and brighter scheme. From the first, he had a way of being influenced by the man he admired for the moment, but worked through the influence to a manner all his own, with a little of the other man clinging to him. For that reason one gets a feeling of Claude Monet occasionally in some of his landscapes. Again some of them are so full of force, so vibrant in color and high



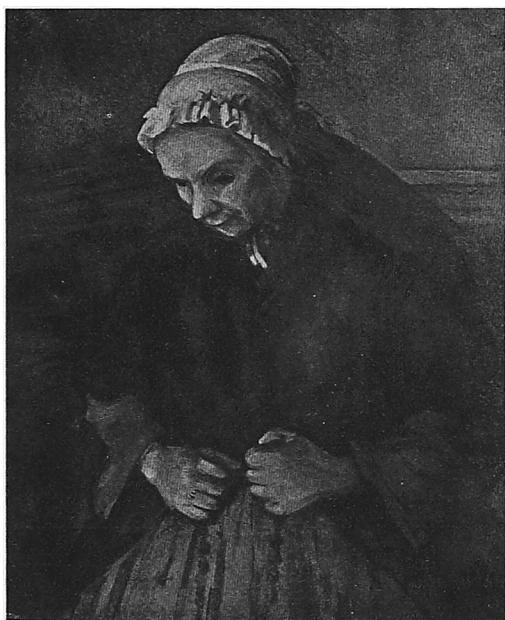
PORTRAIT OF MADAME CÉZANNE

By Paul Cézanne

—Collection Vollard

in key, so striking in the extreme, that the first glance gives one the sensation of standing before a Cézanne, but of far more varied color than Cézanne would have used. Guillaumin is over seventy now, but one still hears of him in art circles.

Raffaëlli took part in some of their later exhibitions. He made no special stir until 1875, when he did some illustrations in color for magazines. His subjects, like those of Guillaumin, are of the poor, the miserable social waifs of the suburban zones, set in a gray, anaemic landscape. The public never found him particularly distasteful. His pictures are facts, noted directly from life, with often curious light effects, and there is the instantaneous expression that Renoir and Degas sought. He really only belongs to the Impressionists through his drawing. He does not use the broken color, but vibrant touches in which black and white are used in conjunction with touches of direct color. As the years have passed, his subjects have grown happier; from unhappy people in unhappy surroundings he



WOMAN WITH THE BEADS

By Paul Cézanne

—Collection M. E. Druet



TETE D'ENFANT (PASTEL)
By Armand Guillaumin

(CHILD'S HEAD)
—Collection of the late Tadamasa Hayashi of Tokyo, Japan

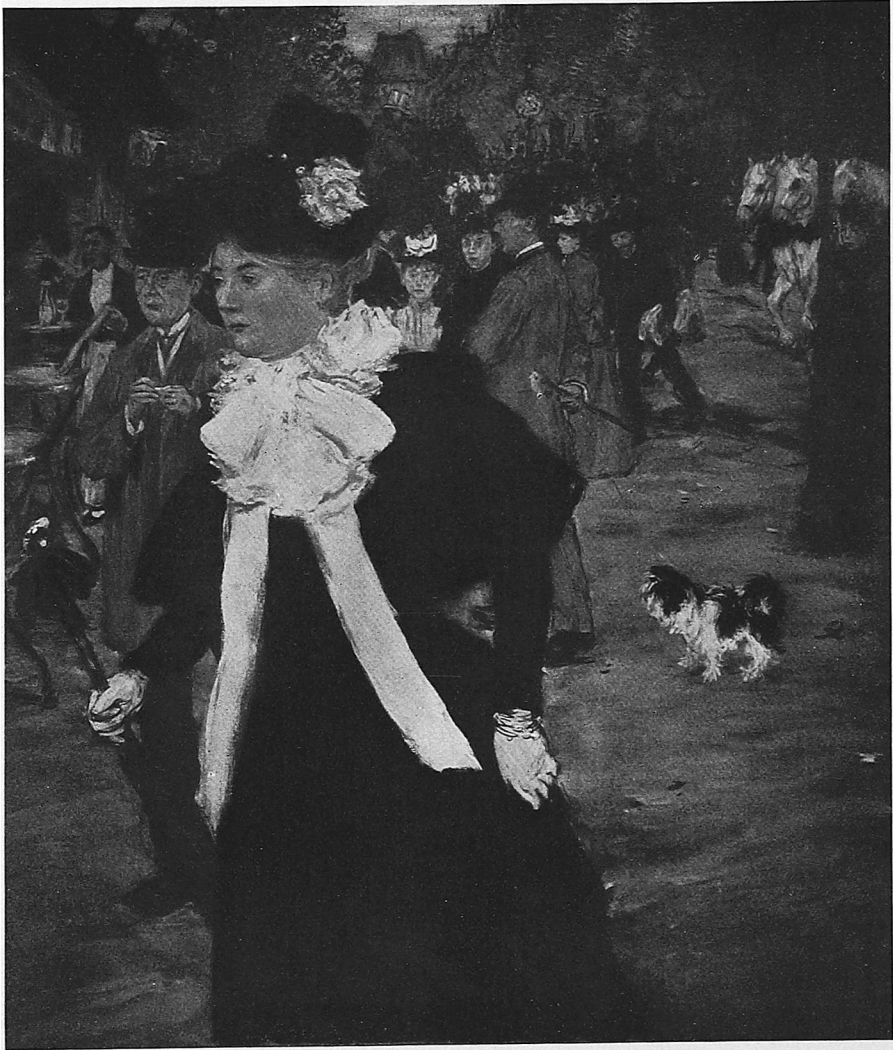
passed to the lower middle class types of Paris and England. From these he passed to Paris itself, its people, its streets, and to the picturesque villages in the neighborhood of Paris. His impressions of these are the sincere impressions of the average man. Sometimes there is even beauty, but it is not the work of a poet, or of a subtle imagination. His vision is not that of a refined temperament, nor does it lift us from the world of realities into the realm of dreams. His types are easily understood by anyone. His pictures with their backgrounds of suburban landscapes with bare, hungry trees along the muddy roads, with their horizons of factory chimneys, are now very popular with the public. They never were abhorrent to the public, as those of Manet, Cé-

zanne and Pissarro. In many of his pictures one feels that his sense of values is negative, and that he, like Caïllebotte, scorns perspectives.

His pictures where he blazons the splendor, the fascination and allure of Paris' great thoroughfares are well known to us in America, as several of our museums have them. Looking at the one hanging in the Metropolitan Museum of Art soon after having risked my immortal soul by crossing the street he pictures, I missed the excitement of the real place; my impression was of the noise of the carriages; the buses, of the trees, the people, the horses, soldiers, workmen, little milliners, everyone on the move, but Raffaëlli gives me none of this feeling. In this picture I hear no noises.



LANDSCAPE
By Armand Guillaumin



BOULEVARD DES ITALIENS
By J. F. Raffaelli

—Courtesy of Carnegie Institute
Copyright by Carnegie Institute

I do not see friends strolling along gayly chatting. The figures are there, the carriages, the omnibuses, the soldiers afoot, and on horseback, the gentleman with his cane, but I would never hesitate to plunge in their midst and cross that street; a baby could do it without fear of being run over. It is more a picture of a season than of the life of a busy Paris boulevard. The bare trees, the people dressed in heavy clothing, with hands in their pockets, the color, all suggest a cold, bleak winter afternoon.

I do not mean to say that Raffaelli has not at times a very subtle vision of art. In a retrospective exhibition of his works held in Paris in the summer of 1909 there were several pictures that were dreams of poetry, far, far beyond the illustrations that so often pass for "fine" Raffaelli's. The one we illustrate from the Brooklyn Museum is of this type. I noticed in this retrospective exhibition that all of the pictures of this particular type were owned and loaned by real art lovers, and were not for sale, while,

on the other hand, there were many offered of the type we are most familiar with in America. The one at the Carnegie Institute is of still another type, and interesting.

Raffaëlli has "arrived." He is not much more than sixty years old and a very busy and popular man. He received the Decoration of the Legion of Honor in 1889.

Sisley, whose pictures seem like finest harmonies to our eyes today, and whose pictures at least seem inoffensive enough to pass unnoticed, came in for his full share of abuse when he exhibited his lilac-colored tones, rose-tinted lilac, when he wished to express sunlight. They called them artificial hues. Sisley was obstinately searching

for light. He had the feeling for light in the highest degree, and if he did not attain the power of Claude Monet, he at least knew how to give a sensation of extraordinary space and atmosphere. He saw the laughing mood of nature. He painted simple scenes of rivers and their leafy banks, villages and country scenes, gay with spring flowers or shivering under snow. *L'Inondation* is now prized as a wonderful picture, and has been fought over by some of the greatest collectors, but in 1872 it went begging.

There are a number of fine Sisleys to be seen in America. Boston has *The Spring Freshet at Moret*, a good example. The



STREET SCENE IN PARIS
By J. F. Raffaëlli

—Courtesy Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts



BEYOND THE CITY WALLS, PARIS By J. F. Raffaelli
—Courtesy Museum of The Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences

Carnegie Institute has at least one that I know of, a beautiful one of a village on the shore of the Marne; both this picture and the one loaned to the Art Institute at Chicago are stronger and more positive than those of the Luxembourg. They both give real pleasure to the one who loves the tranquil in nature. I think I prefer the one of the Carnegie Institute, although the other, with its typical Sisley tree throwing its dark shade upon the river conveys a feeling of immense space.

A peculiarity I have noticed in the friends of Sisley; when they speak of him it is always with an adjective; it is the good, the great-hearted Sisley, the loyal Sisley, or the unjealous Sisley. Sisley was always poor, but he kept plodding right along, too busy to become bitter. His ambition after

the disastrous sales of 1875 and 1877 was to sell his pictures at \$20 each, only to sell enough of them to relieve his distress, but even that was beyond the possibilities. He never swerved from the course he thought right in order to please. He did have one piece of luck; in 1874 M. Faure, a singer, took him to England. Sisley was born an Englishman, but was much more French than English in manners and tastes and ideas. The last twenty years of his life he lived in the little village of Moret, on the edge of the Forest of Fontainebleau. He made rapid notes in colored crayon of everything in Moret, the bridge, the mills, the houses, the people, with clear annotations, and then from these notes he painted the synthesis of what he had seen painting in an intense light.

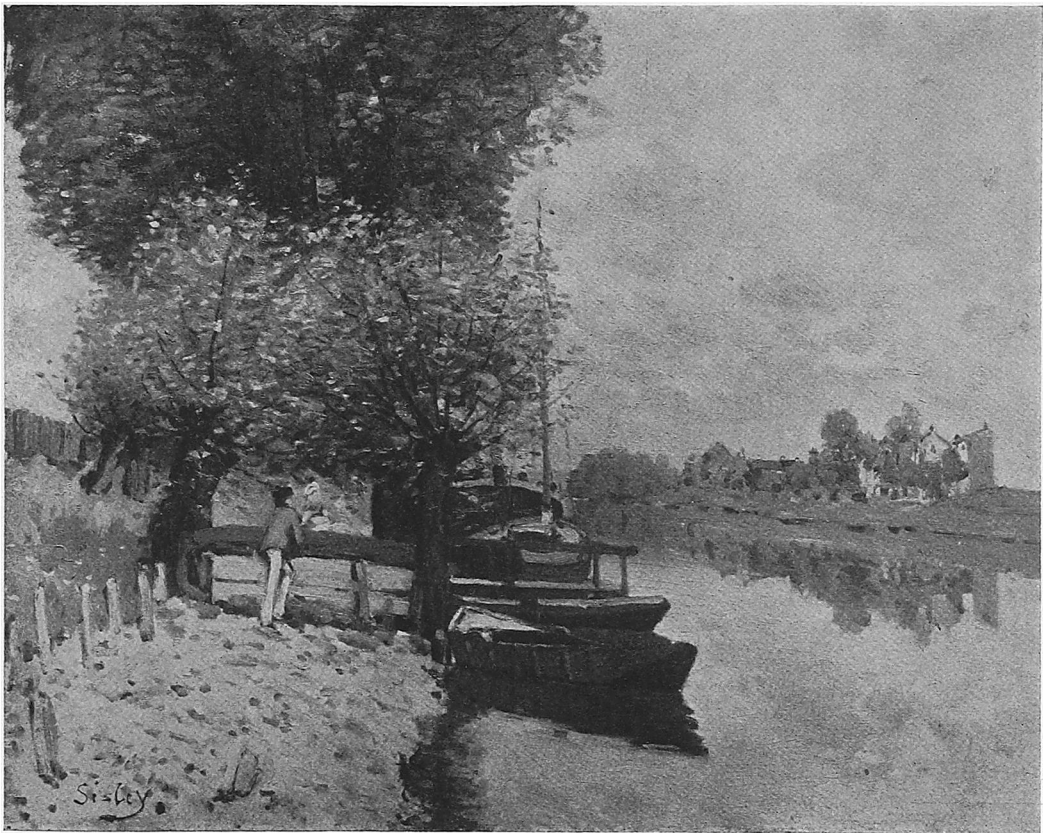
Sisley died of cancer in 1899, before gathering the fruit of his laborious and difficult life. Until the very last day he was poor. Three months after his death a sale of twenty-seven of his canvases brought about \$23,000, and the town of Moret has put up a monument in his memory near the bridge he so often painted. The first monument erected to an Impressionist.

Renoir experts put Renoir's best period during the period of the Impressionist exhibitions, viz: the ten or fifteen years that passed after the war. It was during these years that he painted a number of pictures that we will illustrate later on, as belonging to the Luxembourg, and several that were shown last summer in Paris at a wonderful retrospective exhibition of Master Impressionists, that I was fortunate enough to see

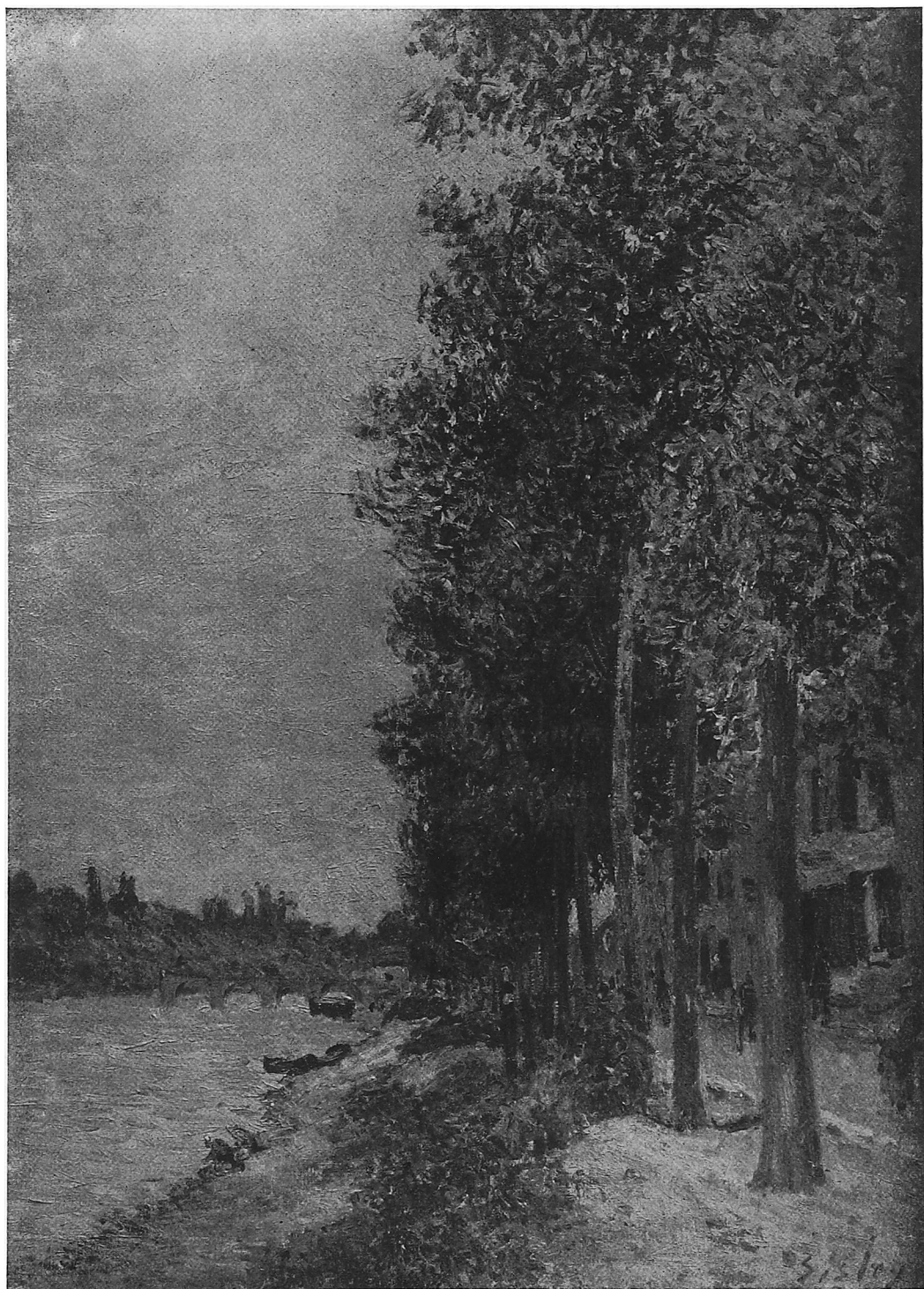
and also fortunate enough to secure many photographs of the article I hope to write on that exhibition later on in this series.

In 1873 his *l'Amazon*, or, as it is sometimes called, *l'Allee cavaliere au Bois de Boulogne*, was refused at the Salon, presumably because of the reflected lights and interplay of tones, although he had gone back a step in this picture towards the old influence of Courbet that he had rather forsaken after his *Diane Chasseresse* of seven years before. In *La Loge* the peculiar softness, the seeing the figure through atmosphere, that later developed to excess in Renoir's work, is quite distinctly shown in the figure of the man in the back of the box. This man, by the way, was Renoir's brother. The woman who plays the *grande dame* in her box at the theatre, ready to

see and be seen, was Nini, a model. The brother appears again in *Le déjeuner*. In *Le déjeuner des Canotiers* (1881) the oarsmen and their friends grouped around tables, under an awning, are Renoir's friends and models; the gentleman wearing the high hat was a patron; the young girl in the front playing with the dog afterwards became Renoir's wife. The scene is laid at Chatou, in the little restaurant on the bank of the Seine owned by old *père* Fournaise. Renoir painted a portrait of him as the *Man with a Pipe*. When any painter uses a restaurant keeper for a model, and almost all of the Impressionists did this, it arouses a suspicion. Perhaps this very luncheon of the *Canotiers* was paid for in this way, who knows? It is a hackneyed subject raised by the pictorial



THE RIVER SEINE AT BOUGIVAL
By Alfred Sisley



STREET FACING THE RIVER
By Alfred Sisley

charm and richness of color. The reflections fall on the grass, glasses and dresses and on the naked arms of the men. The Boston Museum of Fine Arts has a Renoir painted at this same place. About this time Renoir began to have a little success. He had painted, one after the other, pictures that counted, such as *Moulin de la Galette* (1881) of the Luxembourg, the *Famille Charpentier* of the Metropolitan, several good *Baigneuses* (1885) and the *Enfants Bérard* (1884). Moore seems to feel that Renoir fell from grace about 1881, when he went to Venice.

He says: "Renoir, a painter of rare talent and originality, after twenty years of struggle with himself and poverty, succeeded in attaining a very distinct and personal expression of his individuality. His work was beginning to attract buyers. For the first time in his life he had a little money in hand, and he thought he would like a holiday. Long reading of novels leads the reader to suppose



THE SLUICE
By Alfred Sisley

that he found his ruin in a period of riotous living. Not at all. He did what every wise friend would have advised him to do. He went to Venice to study Tintoretto. The magnificences of this master struck him through with the sense of his own insignificance. He became aware of the fact that he could not draw like Tintoretto, and when he returned to Paris he resolved to subject himself to two years of hard study in an

art school. For two years he labored in the life class, working on an average from seven to ten hours a day, and in two years he had utterly destroyed every trace of the charming and delightful art which had taken him twenty years to build up." That is the way Moore felt about Renoir's art after the eighties, and this would include a number of pictures that other critics speak of as among his best. Take the *L'après-midi des enfants à Wargemont* (Les enfants Bérard), for example, painted in 1884. The



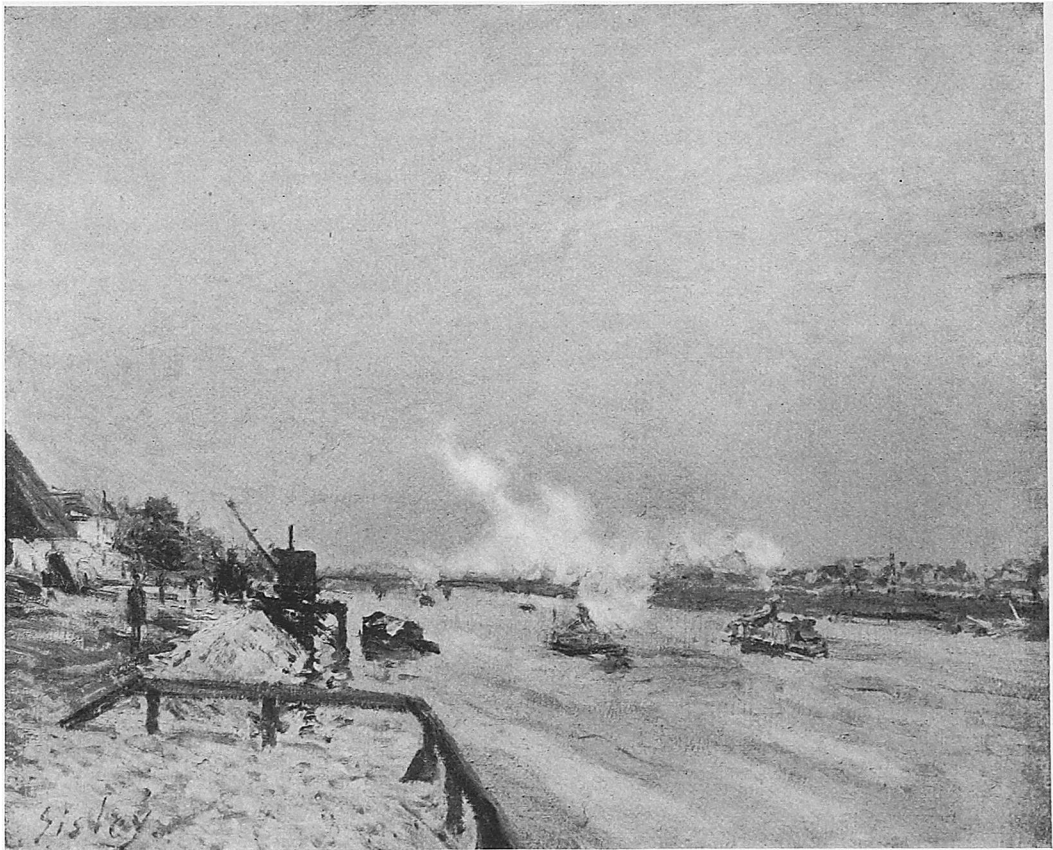
STREET IN A VILLAGE
By Alfred Sisley

little girl sitting on the sofa is called "the most ravishing little girl Renoir has ever painted." Renoir had spent a good deal of time with the Bérards and painted a number of pictures of the children, so that he knew them intimately, and for this reason probably the portraits are much more psychological than those in *Madame Charpentier et sa filles*, or the picture he painted four years later of the three children of his friend, Catulle Mendès. This last picture would make one think Moore had some reason for his opinion, for they are three portraits, nothing more. He painted these same children several years after in three very similar pictures, all called *Au piano*.

Renoir's later pictures are often too soft. In 1883 he had an exhibition all by himself

of about seventy of his canvases. Among them were three particularly successful works. They represented different types of dancers, the Bougival waltzers were *Canotiers* in blue yachting suits and girls in outdoor dresses; those of Paris were in conventional evening dress. The greatest personal triumph he had was when in 1904 his works were included in an exhibition of painters who were dead or well advanced in their careers. The public and the press united in eulogies to his art. He had received the Decoration of the Legion of Honor four years before.

Renoir is now a man of seventy, with fingers twisted by rheumatism. It is hard to think of him as anything but young, but Meier-Graefe, who has recently written a



THE RIVER SEINE AT GRENELLE
By Alfred Sisley

book about him, describes him as he saw him last year. He says: "Renoir was seated alone in a large room in the sun. It seemed as if he had been seated there for a long time, and that he often sat there motionless. His face resembled that of Titien's *Pope* at Naples, it was as marked by age and as intelligent. He looked through the large windows towards the hills; he did not turn when I entered and paid little attention to my respectful words. I would have given much to have been as old as he so as to have had a more natural way of approaching him than by vain phrases on art."

Berthe Morisot took part in almost as many of the Impressionist exhibitions as did Pissarro, who held the medal for strict attendance.

Manet told Moore that his sister-in-law would not have existed but for him, and that is the opinion of many, but she had the charm of exquisite feminine fancy that he did not give her, even if she did have one of the worst of feminine virtues, assimilation. She was rather saved by the critics; not that she was better understood than the others, but she was a very charming woman, and women had not at that date been in active competition with men for any length of time.

She appears in a number of Manet's pictures that we have illustrated, and in a little very sketchy sketch by Renoir. She died in 1895.

Mary Cassatt was not as closely identified with the Impressionists as Berthe Morisot. For one reason, she was much younger, but she is often classified as one of the Master Impressionists. I am very sorry not to have



YOUNG WOMAN READING
By Pierre-August Renoir

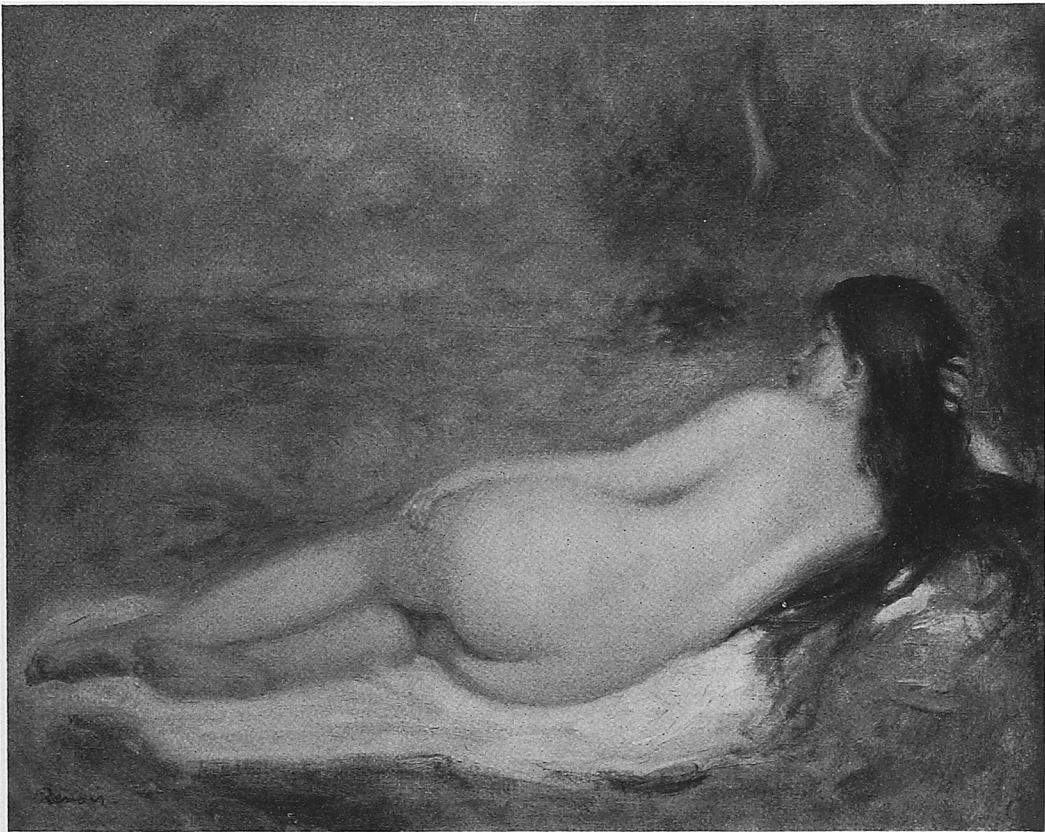
more illustrations of her pictures, but she did not reply to my letter, and reproductions of her works are more difficult than usual to find, except of those that are still for sale. Had it not been for the courtesy of the Boston, Metropolitan and Detroit Museums, who have interesting examples of her work, I should have been poor indeed in my illustrations. As it happens, in these few we can get a very good idea of Mary Cassatt.

The *Mother and Child*, of both the Metropolitan and the Detroit Museums, are of the type that Mary Cassatt's name is identified with and are very good examples of this type. She delights in painting a chubby baby clasped all in a bunch in its mother's arms, a real indiscriminate nursery gesture,



LA BOHÉMIENNE
By Pierre-August Renoir

THE BOHEMIAN



A WOMAN, RESTING ON THE GRASS
By Pierre-August Renoir

or a young child in some intimate relationship with its mother, in her lap or close to her with arm around her neck. These little nude figures have the current of life playing through them. They are never particularly gay children, but there is a suppleness, a naturalness of pose that does away with the mawkish sentimentality that is so often shown in painting this subject. Mary Cassatt, although American, seems to have no native quality in her work, in that she is altogether French.

The Boston picture at the theatre, is the same subject that we have seen many another artist tackle. The effect of the lights on the people sitting in a box at the theatre seemed to have particular attraction for the Impressionists. It is interesting to compare this picture with Renoir's. What a differ-

ence in viewpoint and what austerity as compared with the voluptuousness, the freshness of skin, the fire of moistened eye that Renoir's feeling of eternal springtime gave to his vision of the same subject.

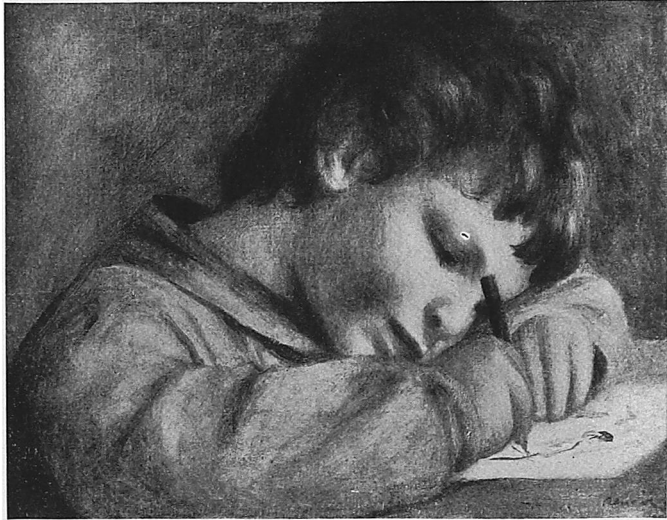
There are a few others who are usually included in the list of Master Impressionists. Bazille met with them at the *Café Guerbois*, but was killed in the war before their exhibitions took place. Eva Gonzalès, also died young. I have nothing of her work to show as even the one formerly in the Luxembourg has been removed. It was a pastel of a very young girl dressed in rose color, seated before a table looking at some dogs lying on the ground close to her, called *Jeune femme*. We have Manet's *Portrait of Eva Gonzalès* to show however. Forain exposed with them in 1879 when it was no



MOTHER AND CHILD, PROMENADE
By Pierre-August Renoir

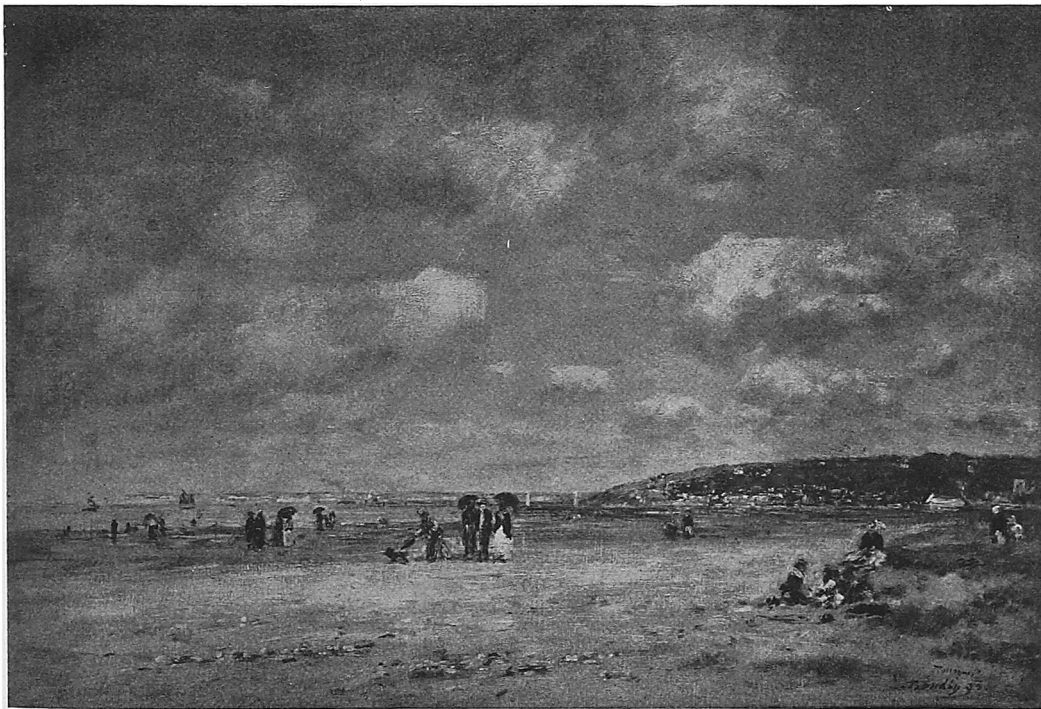
particular honor to be classed with them, so that now he deserves some of the praise thrown their way. Caillebotte was an amateur painter—amateur I suppose because he had money and befriended less fortunate artists. Toulouse-Lautrec was another sharp observer of public balls, of music halls and gardens of the nocturnal world. He was a dwarf and this accident of birth envenomed his life. He often gave a cruel, ironical subjects, with the characters sharpened almost to the caricature. He was an able designer and handled his pure tones, with their brutal contrasts, with a sure touch.

Among those who exhibited with the Impressionists one or more times and were



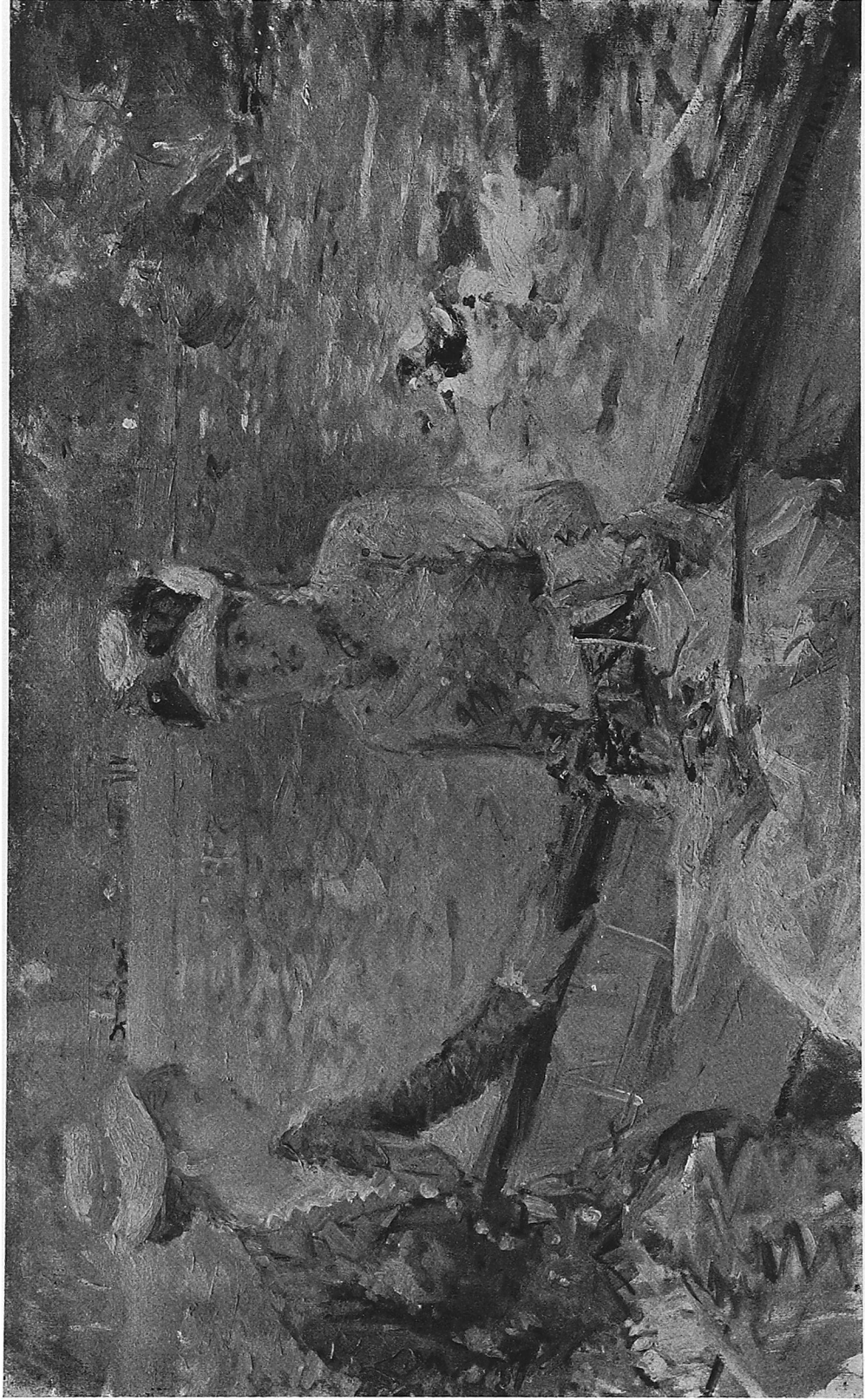
CHILD WRITING
By Pierre-August Renoir

therefore with them, if not altogether of them, are Bracquemond, Boulard, the Italian de Nittis, and younger than these, Lebourg. I have but few illustrations of



THE SEASHORE AT BINERVILLE
By Eugène Boudin

—Courtesy Dublin Municipal Gallery of Fine Arts, Dublin, Ireland



BOATING
By Berthe Morisot

—*Courtesy Dublin Municipal Gallery of Fine Arts, Dublin, Ireland*

these men; several pictures by them were sold at the Hayashi Sale in New York this winter. A beautifully modeled head by Boulard, not at all impressionist; *La Côté* by de Nittis, a panel sketch of a mountainous and rocky Italian coast, and a partly landlocked bay on which several square-rigged black-hulled sailing boats ride at anchor in the distance. The rocks are of burnt orange tinge, the mountain tops are lost in purple mists, the quiet water is of the hue of the green turquoise—a big land and sea-scape within a small compass.

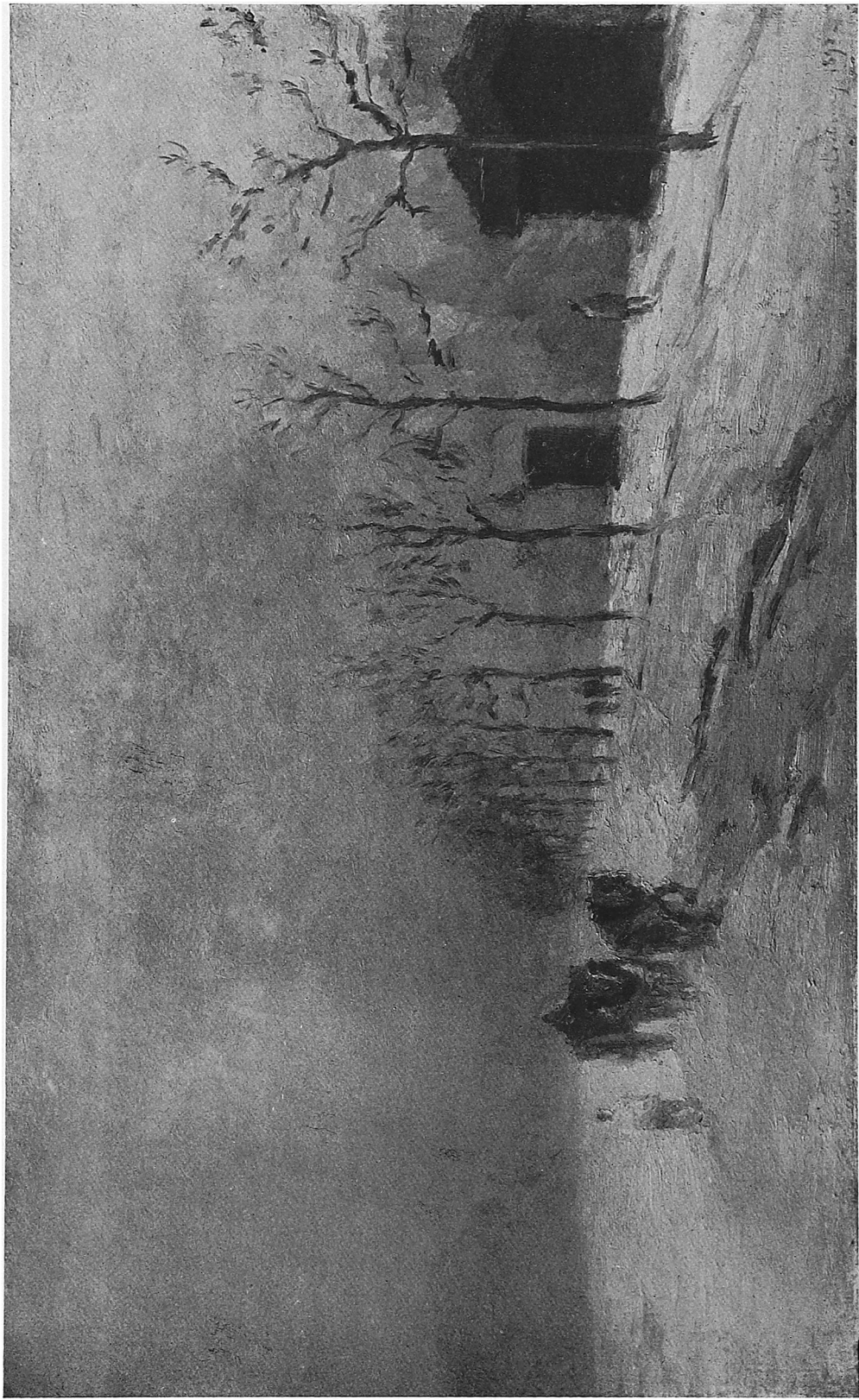
We have illustrations of two Lebourg's of the same sale, one an *Effet de neige*, a scene of a Paris Boulevard on a snowy day. The air is charged with fine, drifting snow, although the sky is cleared and the sun has

struggled through the vaporous curtain near the horizon sufficiently to throw cool, green shadows over the whitened roadway. Two great white horses tandem, drag a cart. An occasional pedestrian is seen on the sidewalks. The other Lebourg is a *Paysage avec fleuve*. A sluggish river passes across the canvas. Its brighter foreground darkening toward the middle distance under the shadows of the farther bank and its trees. Behind the trees, over the last hilltop, the sky is alight, with purple clouds. The foliage of the far bank has the lines of autumn, and on the quiet water of the river float two row-boats, carrying people.

Manet had one more battle to fight before he was through. This time Death was the



THE DRESSMAKER (DRAWING) —Courtesy Musée des Beaux-Arts de la Ville de Paris, Petit Palais
By Berthe Morisot



EFFET DE NEIGE—PAYSAGE D'HIVER
By Albert Lebourg

(SNOW EFFECT—WINTER LANDSCAPE)
—Collection of the late Tadamasa Hayashi of Tokyo, Japan



LES PAVEURS DE LA RUE DE BERNE
By Edouard Manet

(STREET PAVERS ON BERNE STREET)

enemy. As early as 1879 the illness (Locomotor-ataxia) started and all through the three years of its painful progress he worked. His *Bar aux Folies-Bergère* and the *Portrait of Pertuiset* were his most important canvases of this time. After these he was forced to paint smaller pictures, among them many flower pieces, still-life studies and portraits in pastel. M. Duret says: "His life might have been prolonged to a certain extent if he had resigned himself to bear his illness without having recourse to specious remedies. But the loss of his power of movement was insupportable to a man of his activity. The remedies which he took as a temporary stimulant but

ultimately brought on blood-poisoning. At last it was found necessary to amputate his leg. He lingered for eighteen days after the operation, without ever realizing that he had lost his limb, but he was unable to survive the shock and died on April 30th, 1883."

Manet died in part ignorance of the effect that the movement which he had fathered was to have upon all subsequent art. It is pleasant to note that he was able to have the tablet *Hors Concours* on the last pictures he sent to the Salon. As is usual, when an artist reaches the state of *Hors Concours*, the Government conferred upon him the decoration of the Legion of Honor, but he it



MOTHER AND CHILD
By Mary Cassatt

—Courtesy Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts



MOTHER AND CHILD
By Mary Cassatt

—Courtesy Detroit Museum of Fine Arts
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LA CÔTE
By Giuseppe de Nittis

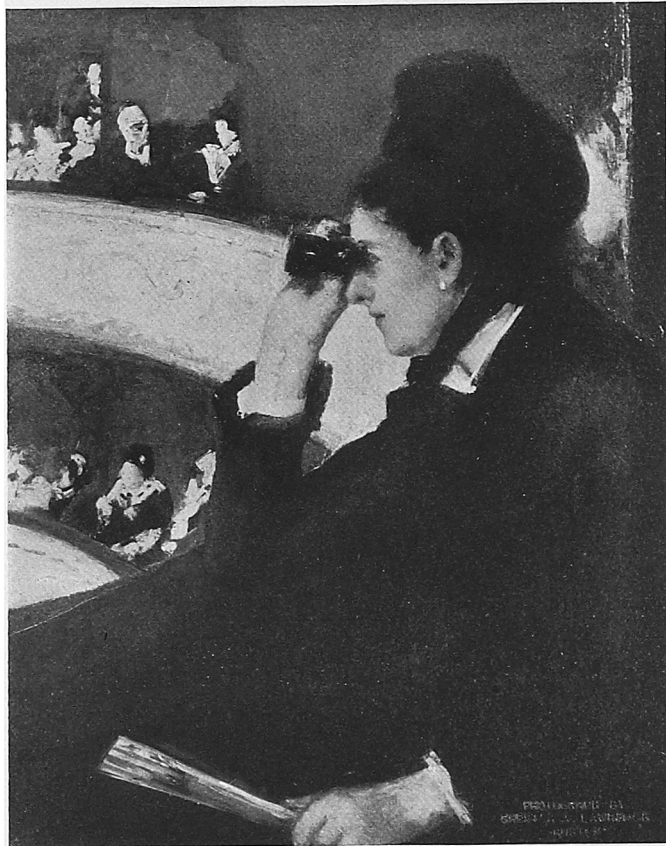
(THE COAST)
—Collection of the late Tadamasa Hayashi of Tokyo, Japan

remarked, not without a pitched battle. Manet was openly delighted at the honor, for it placed him among the elect.

We have traced our band of young men from their first break from the conventional to the time when *finis* can be put upon most of their careers. They have passed through distress and disaster, through war to peace. Those who are gone reaped some material benefit from the rugged path they had trodden, always with the exception of Sis-

ley. Certain others are still among us giving the beautiful spectacle of an honored old age.

The merry war still goes on, but they are taken seriously and recognized as serious, earnest believers in what they did. Books are written about them individually and collectively. Collectors gather from all over the world to attend sales of their pictures, the same despised pictures that the public scorned so few years ago.



DANS LA LOGE
By Mary Cassatt

(IN THE BOX AT THE THEATRE)
—Courtesy Boston Museum of Fine Arts